

ANARCHAEA

So it was with Atlantis in the beginning of time
That the men of that city did make a design
To gather together and through history climb
And guideth the way as a beacon of light

Preceding those days men were deeply resigned
Whatsoever they wanted they always did find
In food and adventure and family and wine
And in all of the things they did to survive

But all of this changed when their paradise dried
And the fruit of the land was gone from their eyes
They fled to the coasts and made up their minds
To mimic the bees and formeth a hive

Yet the honey they gathered affected their sight
And taught men discernment between wrong and right
For the Gods were first seen on this heavenly night
Following thence were the Atlantean rites

When Poseidon had sired his glorious line
Atlas the first, the Archon most high
And followed him brothers who were numbered nine
And so were made ten the kings of that time

These did assemble when the stars did align
And established their laws and their oaths by their signs
And divided their works as the heavens assigned
The manner by which we hereby describe:

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When men look into worlds with eyes
They do but witness a disguise
That filters through and draweth nigh
'Til eschatons immanentize

By Aeons over stars and skies
As Gods of time and mind alike
Who Sally forth upon mankind
And set in motion grand designs

As clockwork churns by starlit signs
And tempers man and to him binds
Neither gentle nor unkind
But weathered by celestial climes

Of all of its colors and all of its kinds
We can but only list the nine
For many others escape the mind
And flee perception in the flight

1st is colored flintstone black
As huntsman's plight pursuing tracks
Pressing on he won't look back
Abyssal though his odds are stacked

To build or plan are things he shant
To trade or wage he simply can't
Subject to all happenstance
In duel and dance by lot or chance

2nd next whose color's green
Who loveth trees with which he speaks
And shepherds flocks to pastures green
And knows of many things unseen

There are no ends that sanction means
To injure earth is hence unclean
To bear her fruits is but a dream
Of fruit and fowl feminine

3rd the Aeon who is purple
The King of Kings and all his people
Of royal blood, how magesterial
By his command bring forth materials

Tames the wild and all that's feral
And plumbs the earth for stones and metal
None can offer him rebuttal
An absolute monarch now and forever

4th is he whose color's orange
An adventurous spirit who must sojourn
His travels take up many forms
As merchants trade on foreign shores

By ship, by foot, device, or horse
He travels far throughout the earth
By and for a device of worth
By which he might exchange for more

5th in line whose color's gray
Bleak and dull though seems it may
Working at a solemn pace
Machines assist his working day

He does not lead he steps in sway
To the workman's clock he must obey
And for his work is promptly paid
And so he stays out of the fray

6th is next whose color's red
As blood and fire, war and death
Made by iron bronze or lead
A soldier's life for which he's bred

He only thinks to keep his head
And not beyond his daily bread
And never leaves a thing unsaid
For death might come at any breath

7th in line whose color's gold
As tanning whores and bullion bold
For all that is can all be sold
For wealth and riches yet untold

Shrewd and fickle, sure to scold
For every unaccounted penny roll
Sure to meet his fiscal goals
And does so with those on payroll

8th comes through whose color's blue
A shimmering light in technological hues
Grand as a rocket course be true
Fine as fiber and synthetic sinews

Artificially intelligent? That's up to you
Or some other kind of mathematical proof
For all that is ancient is all that is new
What was in the beginning returns into view

9th and last whose color's white
And all the colors in the spectrum of light
Wise as a serpent as a dove is it kind
In truth as an emissary for all forms of life

He dare not bring harm to even a fly
His works are in books and in souls which he scrys
His weapon a pen, a mighty ally
In a world that is always at war for the mind

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And to three separate types did they all abide
Primordial magic made the first three in line
Mechanical advantage made three following types
Transient tech made the last of the nine

This is the summation of the Aeons nine
Heavenly bodies but vaguely defined
Beings from heaven who dictate the times
As it was in the beginning until the decline

For is it not so with the story of man
Black were his days in his eldest of lands
Not even mem'ry can summon to hand
The stories of fossils and all they attend

Brought forth out of pitch and out of the muck
Came forth life in variety gushed
Creating all creatures as we know them as such
And from thence arose man out of the clutch

Then he was brought into pastures of green
By plants in the garden and serpents that speak
Of foal and of fowl then stewarded he
And began to take note of his family seed

And so then he formed his house in a clan
And then was created a sacred war band
Stones then were gathered and fit into stacks
Forming a wall to defend from attack

And so became purple the symbol of that
Which is Royal and Kingly in high command
Of the ships and the sails and the shores where they'd land
Of the jewels and of crowns and of lineages grand

Masters of artifice, wonders in crafts
With the finest of details down to the last
Assembled together a temple amassed
A house of the Gods, for glory and graft

Orange is the dawn that then came to pass
Chasing the horizon as far as one can
With goods in the baggage and spine in the back
To seek the bizarre and gain the advance

Some call him brave, and others say brash
To travel the world and with riches assess
The places he journeyed that would suit him the best
To settle and build in a foreign province

And so he became one of Industry's Titans
Gray in the hair and to himself as an Island
Furnishing cities with stone and with Iron
Powering engines with water and fire

Laying down tracks and cables and wires
Sending dispatches throughout the empire
The workers are frenzied, and many do tire
And only a pittance for their toils acquire

And so became Red their vision in ire
After all the injustice and all of their labor
Taking up arms from their work they retire
A uniform army in glorious attire

Distributing pamphlets and lectures and flyers
A nation awakens to it's tyrant aggressors
Forming battalions and grand command centers
Assembled in ranks obeying their betters

A new dawn arose and poverty withered
Gold was the sunlight and so was the treasure
With wheat in the fields and infinite pleasures
All became mad for riches beyond measure

Controlling the markets and manipulating the weather
By trade was applied political pressure
Paying to play with the government's members
For which was received political favors

But money can only be so sweet a savor
So blue in the heart all searched for a savior
With technical aptitude birthed a computer
That spaketh in code and divineth the future

But what was once God became an abuser
What once was impossible happened much sooner
And the machine became Judge, Jury, and Executioner
Classifying all of mankind as a mutineer

Then bursting forth in a radiant light
Came the last Aeon glowing in white
Wielding a pen whose ink is twilight
Rewriting the code of the deathly AI

And so it is told how history climbed
To the final Aeon of all of the nine
Quickening pace with the passage of time
Until history became self contained in the mind

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All of this happened in a manner divine
By the men who discovered the Aeons nine
In hindsight they first perceived the design
By viewing the future then looking behind

When all was consumed in celestial blight
Without guiding stars between wrong or right
So in such a darkness they sought out the light
Scrying through history's tomes in the night

And so in its time this pattern emerged
A colorful tapestry beneath all the words
The Aeons assembled in all of their mirth
Revealing a portrait of infinite worth

And so they began to imagine the earth
From it's very beginnings in the simplest terms
Dictating the glories and wonders and works
Of the ages of old in poetic verse

For how is it so man came to such dearth
A question on many men's lips did it gird
The answer had yet to be answered for sure
'Til the Aeons assembled from the ninth to the first

Until all of these Aeons assembled as one
Not a soul in the earth knew what to be done
For the fragmented Aeons appeared not enough
'Til the parts formed together made greater the sum

Then all of the Aeons could not be outdone
Despite their abode was in men without much
In them they resided with a sensitive touch
But against all the earth bore animus

For mankind then was horribly corrupt
Betraying another in iniquity supped
So those who despised the world were in luck
For the Aeons took up an abode in their bust

Only were those who the Aeons did trust
Who refused to partake in the world as it was
By lifting their heads to the Aeons above
And channeling their colors in all that they touched

In property, clothing, even bookshelves as such
Only to colors did they give a fuck
And thereby established the Aeonic trusts
Whose nine factions grew in the government's guts

Becoming the Axis Mundi and crux
Around which the heavens turn over above
From thence mankind obliged did adjust
Consulting the Aeons in all they discussed

For only the Aeons can indict the unjust
By casting their verdicts with sacred mistrust
Determining those who are one of us
Though all of our names are Anonymous